

Lucky

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Category: Harry Potter

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-12 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-12 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:05:56

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 590

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A new girl talks about Harry Potter, a songfic. I actually wrote something not completely depressing!

Lucky

A/N and Disclaimer: This story is SOOOOOOO different than my other stories. I have no clue how I thought up the idea. Actually, I was listening to the Backstreet Boys when I thought this up. I know the song says "she" and the story is about a boy, but the song fits to well. J. K. Rowling owns all characters except for the person who narrates. Actually, I don't know who narrates this. "Lucky" belongs to Britney Spears and whoever else it belongs to. Review please! Lucky

>

Early Morning,

she wakes up

Knock, knock, knock

on the door

>

When I came to Hogwarts when I was fourteen, I thought Harry Potter lived a good life. All my friends and I wanted to be just like him, with all that fame and money to his name.

>

It's time for makeup,

perfect smile

It's you they're all

waiting for

>

I never knew how much pressure was on him every minute of the day. All the teachers expect him to get perfect grades because he defeated Lord Voldemort, and they expect him to be a good role model for the first and second years, because he's a celebrity. If he makes a mistake, every one gives him a hard time about it, especially if he loses a Quidditch match or if he loses even one point from Gryffendor.

>

_They go. . .-

_ "Isn't she lovely, this_

_Hollywood girl?" _

_And they say. . .-

>

All the girls want Harry to be their boyfriend, even though they know he's with Hermione. They don't really know him. All they see is the fact he's famous, and maybe his dazzling green eyes. They don't see his fears, his insecurities. They can't comprehend the fact Voldemort is looking for him. They can't seem to see he has to live parts of his life in fear, a fear none of us really do understand. All they see is a famous boy with amazing eyes.

>

_She's so lucky _

She's a star

_But she cry, cry, cries _

In her lonely heart, thinking

If there's nothing missing

in my life

_Then why do these tears come _

at night?

>

I have seen Harry Potter cry. Everyone, even me before I met him, thinks he is the big, strong hero who saved us from Voldemort twice, the Quidditch hero who has won so many victories for Gryffendor. No one knows he has a very sensitive side. On Halloween, Harry left the feast early. Hermione and Ron followed, wondering why he had left early. No one noticed the three leave. I also left the feast a little early, only because I was tired and wanted to sleep. As I slipped through the portrait hole silently, I heard sobbing. I turned around and saw Harry crying over a photograph album. I wondered why until I realized October 31 was the day Lily and James Potter were killed. He really is no luckier than the rest of the students at Hogwarts.

>

That was the night I realized, I didn't want to be Harry Potter. Even though he was famous, he had to deal with problems with teachers and other students. He also had to watch out for Voldemort or another Dark wizard. He was a very sensitive boy who wasn't afraid to cry, not a tough, mean snob. I think Harry Potter is imperfect which makes him a great friend. So, I really think he is no luckier than the rest of us.

>

>

End
file.